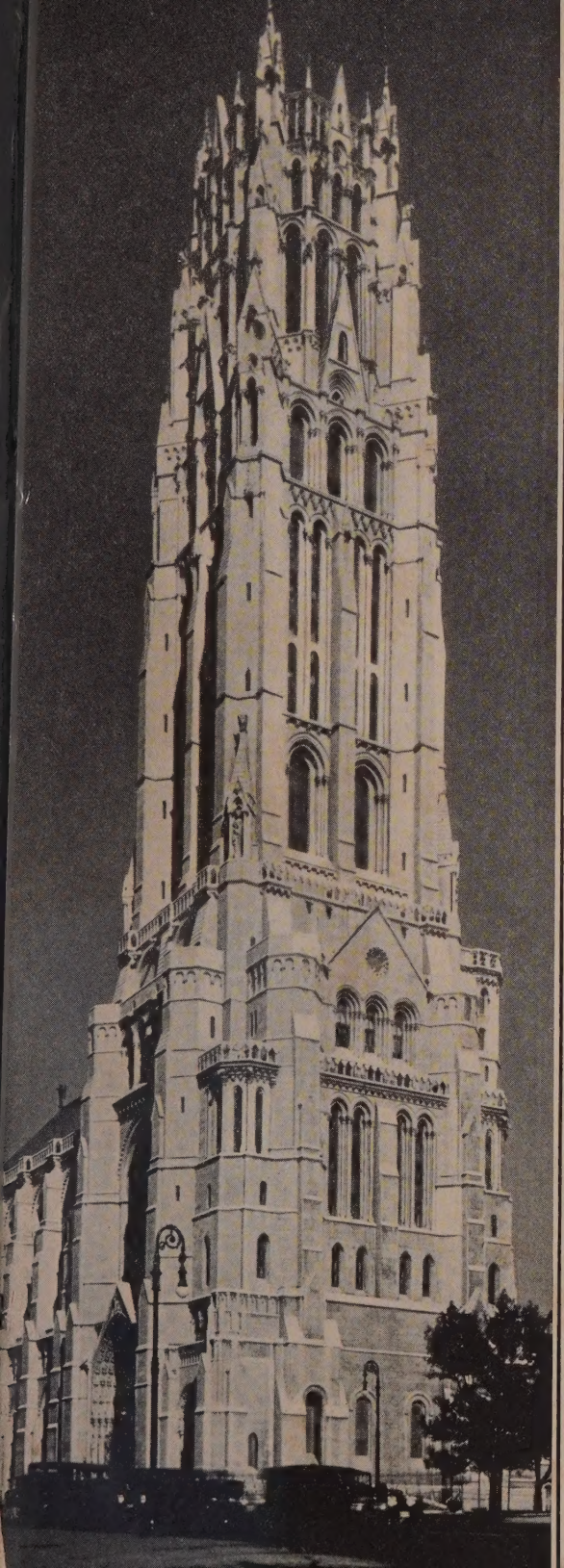

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Let's All Be Realistic

Officers and Committees

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By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Dr. Fosdick is beginning this month his tenth year as minister of this church. For three years of that time we worshipped in the Park Avenue Baptist Church, one year in Temple Emanuel on Fifth Avenue and for the past five years in The Riverside Church. Dr. Fosdick preached the first sermon in the regular Sunday service in this building on October 5, 1930.

Let's All Be Realistic

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Practically every young person of my acquaintance who makes any pretense of thinking is trying hard to be realistic. By temperament he may be romantic and idealistic but, if he is, he tries not to let any one know it. Realism is the word today—clear-eyed, unblinking recognition of life's stern and ugly facts, with no fooling of oneself. Our ancient forefathers feared devils as the cause of evil and every generation dreads its special demons, but ours are of a kind that the mid-Victorians, for example, never would have recognized as devils at all. Pleasing sentimentality, wishful thinking, idealizations, comforting faiths, satisfying optimisms—these are the devils of the new generation. Nothing will do today except realism.

In the realm of theology, for example, the liberals are being soundly trounced by a group of men who call themselves realists. The trouble which the realists find with the liberals is serious. Against the background of the old theology, with the wrath of God and the fear of hell in the ascendency, the liberals reacted to the opposite extreme. They ceased being grim and became sentimental. They streamlined their theology to reduce wind resistance. With God pictured as a very kindly and affectionate father, with evil understood as only the shadow cast by the sunshine of the good, with progress on this evolving earth happily automatic and inevitable, and with hope for everybody in the world to come, liberals retreated into make-believe and, when they thought about the dark side of life, agreed with Tennyson to "cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt." Well, the realists are fed up with cleaving to the sunnier side of doubt. They say, and I think rightly, that this world is a much wilder, fiercer, profounder place than such superficial liberalism ever took account of, and, in view of the factual conditions existing today, they cry, Let us quit this infatuation with the sunnier side of everything and be realistic!

One does not have to live, however, in any special field like theology to feel the pressure of this prevalent demand. No man can escape it. Even when he is unaware of it, it presses on him like the atmosphere, over fourteen pounds to the square inch. Our modern novels and dramas strain after realism, especially in realms like sex, crime, and psychopathic abnormality. In many of our new biographies it is obvious that nothing makes a biographer so happy as to find some forgotten area of his hero's life where he can exploit a hitherto unsuspected sin or psychoanalyze an unguessed perversion. Even in our new autobiographies the influence of this Zeitgeist is manifest in a type of exhibitionism which a generation ago would have been incredible. As for our new music, where are the tunes and melodies and harmonies of our sentimental forebears? Such music, we are told, does not correctly represent the way the world actually sounds. The world is factually full of cacophonies, discontinuities, feverish and

raucous noises; let music even be realistic! Everywhere one looks, one finds this demand for realism.

Many years ago there sat in the Congress of the United States a North Carolina mountaineer who represented Buncombe County. He was a long-winded, platitudinous speaker, and toward the close of the debate on the Missouri Question, when the House was clamoring for the vote, he insisted on making a verbose address, on the ground that he had to make a speech for Buncombe. Unwittingly he put a new word into our English dictionaries; you will find it there, 'buncombe.' And of late years another word has derived from that, 'debunk,' to deflate sentimentality, strip romantic disguises from ugly facts, and force people to be realistic. That word represents an influence so prevalent in our time that even trying to live a Christian life requires that one should understand it and come to terms with it.

No such movement would have gotten under way had it not been needed. Healthy realism is a great asset. Indeed, is not the Bible one of the most realistic books in the world? There is no need this morning to select a special text. The whole Book is a text. Pick out, if you can, a single area of human life about which the Bible does not talk candidly. Its frankness about sex passion is notorious, from gross stories like that about Judah and Tamar to murderous tragedies like David's love for Bath-sheba. No modern war diary can be much more realistic about the brutalities of battle than the Bible is in many a passage. As for human abnormalities, have you recently read Paul's catalog of the pagan vices in his letter to the Romans? Or if you have thought that the Bible is a book of wishful thinking, have you read the way the early Christians used to cheer themselves with memories of the heroes of the faith who were stoned, sawn asunder, slain with the sword? Or if any one supposes that the religion of the Bible in its origin is sentimental, let him read the story of the crucifixion. That starting point and abiding center of Christianity should assure us that when it comes to realism the Bible overpasses us. No, my friends, these spiritual humming birds, who flit about the Bible and suck sweetness here and there from the 23d Psalm or the 13th chapter of First Corinthians, do not understand the Book. If it were only with a view to comprehending the Scriptures, one might cry, Let us all be realistic!

This matter, however, is much more urgent on our lives than that. Here in this Christian sanctuary, where often, I doubt not, our souls are tempted to retreat into vague idealism, let us consider certain areas of life with which as Christians we should be concerned and where there is no chance of getting anywhere if we are not realistic.

For one thing, we never will escape from our breakdown of moral standards in the relationships between men and women unless we achieve realism. After a recent peace sermon, a young man said to me, "I know one major reason why I am against war," and when I asked him what it was, he put his finger on a very realistic fact: war kills off the men—10,000,000 known dead soldiers, 3,000,000 additional supposed dead soldiers in the World War. Start with more women than men in a population anyway and where does that leave us? Will you realistically think through the effect of that fact on personal morals? What is the use of senti-

mentally lamenting the appalling increase of homosexuality on one side or promiscuous sensuality on the other if we go on with war? Then, after war comes the economic debacle, and among other catastrophes this means millions of young people who dare not marry. We have been listening lately to addresses on Christianity's stake in the economic situation, one of the most stimulating courses we have ever had, but some things I would have thought of saying first no one has thought of saying yet. Christianity's stake in the economic situation, for one thing, is all tied up with what the economic situation does to millions of young people who love each other and cannot marry.

One young man of unimpeachable character and ability, two years out of college with never a steady job yet, tried to tell me the other day that he was endeavoring to make the best of it, to keep his chin up, not to let the disappointment and the strain break his morale. Then he started another sentence. "I said to my girl," he began. I don't know yet what he said to his girl for, despite his determination to keep his chin up, he broke down when he started on that. Nothing much more arouses one's indignation than elderly sentimentalists who, softly cushioned themselves, shake their heads over the informal liaisons into which young people enter on every side, and ask me whether I do not think it lamentable. Of course I think it lamentable and I would do anything in my power to keep my young friends from getting into these alleys that lead only into misery. But the more important fact is that the young people themselves think it lamentable. They too want homes. They too want children. Do we elderly headshakers think the young people like this situation? But if we of the older generation are going on with war and with an economic order which gives to youth no opportunity or security, we cannot expect high standards of personal morality except in a selected group. That is the realistic fact.

Again, we will never get rid of war itself unless we stop being sentimental about it. War is supported among the great masses of the population mainly by sentimentality—martial music, gay uniforms, massing of the colors, the romanticizing of what goes on in war and, above all else, by emotional appeals to patriotism, as though patriotism and war were synonymous. I think some of the pleas for militarism this last Armistice Day—alas, some of them from Christian pulpits!—were about as sentimental slush as a man could listen to. Yes, and a New York newspaper that reported them gave us on the same day an editorial on a most realistic piece of news about war. It said that the War Department now has a proposal before it that henceforth all American soldiers shall be tattooed in four places. The reason for this is that in the last war the soldiers were blown into such small pieces that, poor fellows, their tags were lost so that they could not be identified. Now the hope is that if we tattoo each American boy in four places, on both shoulders and both hips, there may be some chance of finding enough of him so that his family can be told of his death. That is war and if we could get people realistically to see that that *is* war we might get some concerted good sense about it.

Even yet, however, there are lovely ladies who will say sweetly to a man, "Wouldn't you die for your country?" I know the answer to that. Yes, I'd *die* for my country. But that is not the

realistic question about war. The realistic question is: Wouldn't you *kill* for your country, screw your bayonet into another man's abdomen, bomb a city and indiscriminately murder mothers and children, let loose poison gas into a population, and so on and so on? To such a realistic question I have a realistic answer: No, I am not willing to do that for my country and, for one reason, because all the evidence points conclusively to the fact that such mass murder does no benefit to my country but only plunges her along with her enemies into irretrievable disaster, so that anybody who realistically loves his country will strive to defend her, not by war—you cannot defend any good thing by war—but against war. That is the realistic fact.

Again, we certainly need realism in looking on and dealing with the economic situation in this country. If we continue thinking in selfish class terms, being loyal to class interests, fighting for class privileges, owners and white collar workers on one side, mechanics and hand laborers on the other, possessors of our natural resources and our great agglomerations of machines on one side, the disinherited upon the other, we are bound to have two powerful economic groups—alas! one sees their outlines growing clearer now—ready to join in a class war which may ruin our democracy. That is the realistic fact. Here, this morning, practically all of us are naturally allied with one class rather than the other. That is the tragedy in Protestantism. But all the more on that account, we ought to say to our consciences some realistic things. Beware in days like these how we think selfishly in class terms and fight for our class privileges. Beware, for example, how we talk about the glory of the liberties bequeathed us by our sires and about the necessity of retaining them, in a country where today millions of our fellow citizens already are convinced that through economic impoverishment all the liberty that amounts to anything has been taken from them.

There was a famous actress once, Charlotte Cushman, who used to greet her friends at her Newport villa by saying, "This is Liberty Hall; every one does as *I* please." So! I speak for the workers, for the poor and the disinherited of this nation. When they hear a preacher in a church like this plead for the retention of our liberties, when they hear of an organization sponsored by the powerful going out to fight for the retention of our liberties, they think they hear the accent of that actress; they think we mean America is to be Liberty Hall, where everybody does as we please.

If we are on the more fortunate side of this economic issue and have any realism, we had better use it now. Of course, we ought to be concerned about liberty. There never was a time in the world's history when eternal vigilance was more surely the price of it. But if we are going to have liberty in this country we must win it, not for a class but for the whole people, and it must be real liberty, based upon ever-increasing equality of condition and distribution of property, without which there is no liberty that is worth the name. That is the realistic fact.

Certainly, we all need realism in dealing with our individual problems. The psychiatrists constantly use the phrase, "flight from reality." It describes a process involved in practically every psychopathic abnormality. Think of the most dreadful things that can befall us in mental unbalance and, in

so far as they are acquired, all of them happen in personalities escaping into make-believe from some reality that they do not want to face and do not know how to handle.

When one thinks of these many fields where realism is indispensable and then hears a young person say that, as for him, he proposes to be a realist, one prays that he may succeed.

Nevertheless, it is too much to expect that even so fine a thing as realism, when it becomes a fad, when as a vogue it runs through a whole generation, from novels that grovel in the gutter to philosophies that forget the soul, it is too much to expect, I say, that such a popular fashion should be without its exaggerations and aberrations. Every Zeitgeist is caricatured. You young people in particular are not in much danger of being sentimentalists. That is not the style. One knows well how cordially you have agreed with what we have been saying about the need of realism in one field after another. That is why one is concerned about you. You are sold on realism. Then watch your step, for realism is doing lamentable things to some people who are not handling it well. Realism is like arsenic. It is a tonic in grains and a poison in ounces.

Let me put it personally. As a Christian preacher I am doing my best to be realistic in this pulpit during these difficult days, but I have an understanding with my soul about what realism means, and that, in brief, I venture to share with you.

For one thing, realism is degraded when it slips down into the idea that only ugly things are real. Some people are so afraid of being sentimental and idealistic that they manage their thinking and their living as some men write their novels, as though sewers were the only real things and mountain streams were not real too. A literary critic, dealing with a book by Mr. H. L. Mencken, said that Mr. Mencken's method seemed to be "to collect every kind of folly, ineptitude, perversion and general idiocy out of the daily, weekly and monthly minor press of America, and then to ask the American public what they think of such horrors and stupidity." Whether or not that is fair to Mr. Mencken I shall not try to say, but any one with half an eye can find plenty of realism of that character.

If some one says that the trouble with that is lack of idealism, I answer, No, the trouble with that is lack of realism. Slums are real but so are humble and beautiful homes like those from which some of us derived. Sewers are real but so is a brook I know

> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune.

Judas Iscariot is real but so is Jesus Christ. If a man is going to be a realist, let him go through with it!

When Napoleon's dragoons stabled their horses in Milan before Da Vinci's painting of the Last Supper, I suppose they thought they were hard-headed realists. They are good representatives of some current realism. But now, when Napoleon's dragoons are as dead as the dodo and the thing they stood for is the contempt and ridicule of thoughtful men, the spiritual meanings of the Last Supper which Da Vinci painted shine with undimmed reality in the minds of millions.

Let all realists consider.

Again, realism is degraded when it squeezes the possibilities out of a situation and so, leaving only the actualities, says that they alone are real, whereas

the fact is that the most vital reality in any situation is its possibilities.

Less than forty years ago a young man went into a public library in Dayton, Ohio, and borrowed a book by a German named Lilienthal, who had succeeded in flying in a glider. Orville Wright, sitting till long past midnight enthralled by that book, is worth considering. What were the realities in that situation? What if one had had eyes to see! All the possibilities were part of the realities!

The common idea, therefore, that realism and hopefulness are antithetical terms flies in the face of the facts. The trouble with many of our so-called realists is that they are not realists at all but actualists. That is, they squeeze the possibilities out of every situation and call the stark remainder the real, when the stubborn fact is that the most significant factor in any human situation is to be discovered in the possibilities. Who, then, are the true realists? Not the cynics and the pessimists! Rather, scientists who foresee a new idea coming around the corner and head toward it; men of social vision who understand that the most significant fact about today is that it is pregnant with unborn things whose time will come; millions of thoughtful people everywhere with their eyes on the possibilities in persons, families, businesses, schools, social causes, giving to them creative faith; and men of the New Testament's faith, saying, "Now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be." If a man is going to be a realist, let him go through with it!

Once more, realism is degraded when it becomes materialistic, physically minded, as though men were body and not soul, and needed merely or mainly new physical implements to employ instead of deeper faiths and motives to employ them with. I am jealous about that fine word 'realism' and do not like to see it walked off with as it so commonly is today by people holding a low view of human nature, as though they said: Come now, be realistic; man is a brute. We who believe profoundly in the supremacy of the spiritual life, who see no hope for the race except in deepening quality there, and who have seen the high meanings of the spiritual life supremely unveiled in Christ, are commonly dismissed as sentimentalists and wishful thinkers. But consider the facts. Can you imagine any wishful thinking more incredible than this, that regarding man as "a peripatetic chemical laboratory driven about by a sex impulse," as another put it, we should suppose that he could work anything except disaster with the tremendous powers which science confers? A peripatetic chemical laboratory driven about by a sex impulse is not made either happy or useful by being supplied with dynamite.

Yet that idea is no unfair caricature of the program for humanity which some realists unconsciously hold. One wishes one could ask them a simple question: What are the two realms in which man today faces his most difficult and dangerous problems? The answer is clear: The realm of international relationships, involving war, and the realm of economics. Then one would ask another question: What are the two realms where science has put into man's hands the most tremendous power? A similar answer comes: The international realm with its new intercommunications and engines of war, and the realm of economics. That is to say, wherever science gives man the most power, there man faces his gravest

problems—problems that science creates but does not solve and for which there is no solution save in qualities of mind and character within man himself. That is the realistic fact. The essence of man's salvation lies not merely in his relations with nature but in his relations with himself—great faiths to impel him, great ideals to allure him, great principles to guide him. That is the realistic fact.

Here, then, is the gist of the matter, that the dominant modern mood is undoubtedly realistic but that realism means different things to different people. Among the saddest sights I know are some men and women, thoroughly cynical, disillusioned and sophisticated, living on a materialistic philosophy of the universe without and of their lives within, who, as another has said, "have become inured to spiritual despair," and whose pride "has made a pact with desolation." They commonly go about, calling themselves realists. Yet this is a universe which already has produced personality and across the centuries has moved man up a spiral, coming ever back to old problems but on a higher level. It is a universe where the beautiful is as real as the ugly, where the most significant factor in every situation is its potentialities, and where with each new stage in human life the center of the problem shifts still more to the quality of man's mind and character. Surely, in a universe like that, being realistic leads to deeper levels of thinking and living than our superficial exhibitions of it would suggest. Indeed, for my part, I do not see how one can think realistically in such a world without seeing Spirit to be the Ultimate Reality and on every side perceiving the unmistakable intimations of the living God.

Carlyle, walking in company with Robert Browning, once stopped before a wayside crucifix in France and, looking at the figure on the cross, addressed him, saying, "Ah, poor fellow, *your* part is played out." Upon the contrary, I suspect that that Man upon the cross was one of the great realists of history and that his day has barely dawned.

PRAYER

Eternal God, Who hast put us into a stern and demanding world, we do not ask for an easier world to live in but we do ask for spiritual competence to live well, strengthened with might by God's Spirit in the inner man. Amen.

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon on November 18, 1934.

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Dr. Fosdick began his sermons over the air on October 13th and will continue throughout the winter. The broadcast this year is at 4.00 o'clock Eastern Standard Time. The service is on a nation-wide hook-up that will be heard from coast to coast.

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Eternal Spirit, invisible to mortal eyes, inaudible to mortal ears, Who inhabitest the unseen realm where thought and love, wisdom and purpose dwell, we turn our minds to Thee. From the uproar of the world to the silent sanctuary we have come. From the noisy forces that swirl about our lives to the quiet forces from which all deep living comes we turn our hearts. Speak to us out of the unseen, O still small voice of calm!

Speak peace to our troubled spirits. Let the tossing restlessness of irritation and anxiety be calmed. May there be wide margins of reserve about our need and deep wells to draw our comfort from. Speak courage to some timorous and frightened souls. In the midst of life's battle, hard beyond our power to sustain, may our eyes see the horses and chariots of fire upon the surrounding hills. May some fearful soul leave Thy sanctuary saying, "They that be for us are more than they that be against us." Speak challenge to our consciences. Call us from our self-complacency. Whisper in our hearts some word of shame for ill deeds done, some call to serve causes on which man's weal depends.

For every voice that amid the uproar of the world thus speaks of excellence and beauty we thank Thee. For the fine traditions of our past, for great souls through whom Thou hast shined upon us and spoken to us, for our homes where we dig deep our roots for the very sap of life by which we live, for friends, those dear gifts of Thine, who believe in us when we dare not believe in ourselves, thanks be to Thee. Let all such saving influences come clearly to our souls today and, above all, that voice from Galilee, now the Christ within us. May he speak plainly to us.

We lift our intercession for this needy world and especially for its peace and brotherhood. Father in heaven, canst Thou understand how hard it is for Thy frail children here on earth to believe in goodwill when illwill is so powerful? When racial prejudice not only works hatred in private hearts but is erected into the policy of states, when powerful nations prey upon weaker nations because they can, when class is arrayed against class in fratricidal strife, lo! the Christ stands teaching us goodwill. Lord, we believe; help Thou our unbelief! Let some word be spoken in Thy sanctuary that shall restore our souls to a living confidence in the eternal power of love at last to subdue the angry voices of mankind's illwill and build a family on earth.

Now take our church and this worshiping company into Thy keeping. For all the children who have come to our doors today we thank Thee. Make us worthy to be entrusted with their growing lives. For those upon whom sickness has come, and homes on which bereavement has laid its shadow, we pray to Thee. For all hard bestead by ill circumstance we pray Thee, and grant that where our hearts go in supplication our hands may go in practical helpfulness this week ahead. Send us all out into the world with souls restored because we have been strengthened with might by God's Spirit in the inner man, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

I Appeal!

No, not to Caesar. Even he would be helpless in this situation. Nor to "the management." I know they have done their best. I appeal to my fellow church members. I appeal to them because I don't believe that they—with their good intentions and their fine sense of courtesy—half understand what they are doing when they whisper and talk so persistently and insistently during the period just preceding the morning service on Sunday.

How *can* they do it? With everything in the beauty of the church and the glory of the music tending to lift one into the realm of worship, how can they spoil the atmosphere of uplift for themselves and others by dribbles of needless, inconsequential chatter? For that is what it so often is. One woman says to another, "There goes Mrs. So-and-So. That's a new hat she has on. Pretty, isn't it? I got *such* a bargain the other day." And she proceeds to give details of the bargain. Or there is some current piece of news that just *must* be told, or at least commented on. "Did you hear—?" is usually the beginning of the colloquy. But it is not the end.

The distressing annoyance of all this came over me with added force last Easter, making me decide to protest, when the time came, against our unrealized bad manners. I was at church a half hour early that day, because of the crowds. The usher placed me next to two middle-aged women who were chattering without let or hindrance. I stood it for fifteen minutes, then asked the usher if he would kindly give me another seat. He twirled me around a bit, then, quite unwittingly, placed me directly behind the same two conversationalists! They kept right on during the remaining fifteen minutes, even though the organ and harp were giving us music that was almost divine in its beauty. I minded this distraction the more because it was Easter Sunday, always a very meaningful occasion for me; and I knew that there were many visitors present. But I was quite aware also, from many past experiences, that the same thing went on Sunday after Sunday, varying only in performers and performances.

I regret to say that it is the women who are the worse offenders. The men behave pretty well, unless accompanied by irrepressible wife or lady friend. And, strange to relate, the women who do the most talking are not visitors, or newcomers in the membership, but good, substantial lady-pillars in the church! Many of them have been in the congregation for years, are eager to do all kinds of service in the church, and—aside from their utter thoughtlessness on such occasions as this—are as courteous, considerate people as one would wish to meet. How in the world do you account for it?

In trying to explain them I remember one or two things. They are old friends. They have not seen each other for at least a week. They just *must* recount to each other what has taken place since last they compared notes. Again, many of them are serving on the same committees in the church. They have something very important to say to each other. But, oh dear, why just at that time? Our church is such a beautiful place, the atmosphere is so conducive to a mood of real worship, there

are sure to be visitors in the congregation who are observing everything about them, and are critically taking us all in. Couldn't the conversation wait a little?

Besides, don't we members of the church know by this time that a sagacious building committee has generously supplied us with a place where human nature may have an outlet for its loquacious tendencies? It was not without method in their madness that the church architects planned for us a narthex which is not just a narrow vestibule in which we may simply manage to file past and speak to each other in passing. We have a vast concourse as big as a reception room!

Back there in Fifth Avenue days it was noted with satisfaction that the people gathered in friendly groups in the sizable vestibule following the morning service, and a fine spirit of fellowship was fostered by that gregarious gathering of the clans. In the Park Avenue Church the same thing was true. So, when it came to the planning of Riverside, canny counsellors said, "We must have here also a space large enough so that the people may gather after the morning service and chat together or hold whatever friendly intercourse they choose." Result—our narthex, which is intended for our unrestricted use—*after* the service.

So, as we come back this fall ready to start in the work of the church—refreshed in spirit, and refurbished, as we are, with good resolutions—I make my appeal. Can we not—for the sake of our church's reputation and for the happiness of those who really desire quiet preceding the service, and are looking for a chance to meditate or worship—manage to mend our manners, and to postpone our whisperings and our *sotto voce* confidences until a later period?

Hopefully submitted,
A Supplicant for Silence.

▽ ▽ ▽

CHURCH SCHOOL STAFF IN CONFERENCE AT INTERSTATE PARK

Officers and Committees of The Riverside Church

We are publishing in this issue of THE CHURCH MONTHLY, as is our custom each Fall, a list of the officers of the church and the various auxiliary organizations, together with the committees appointed by these respective groups.

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EUGENE C. CARDER
C. IVAR HELLSTROM

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Carillonneur . . . . . Kamiel Lefévere

Treasurer . . . . . James M. Pratt
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Church Clerk . . . . . William F. Turnbull

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Executive Secretary, Women's Bible Class
Mrs. Katherine Willard Eddy
Social Worker . . . . . Miss Mary E. Downs
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William H. West

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PERSONALITIES

Again this month, as in previous October numbers of THE CHURCH MONTHLY, we are publishing a roster of the officers and committees of the church and its various organizations.

Three hundred and more names listed here represent the people who are, individually and collectively, carrying responsibility for leadership in our enterprise for this coming year. In a very real sense it is they who carry the spirit and disposition of the church beyond the confines of these walls, even as they so largely influence the atmosphere within our immediate circle and lend color and interest to our life together. We invite the people who wish to know the church more intimately than they have in the past to study these lists not so much to gain an acquaintance with us as an organization, as to know us better on the personal side.

The ministers and their staff are highly appreciative of the immense responsibilities these friends are carrying and they face the new year with a confidence that would be quite impossible if it were not for the support and cooperation of these officers and committees.

The increasing number of people who have held office in other years but who have relinquished their official status now think of themselves as "just members of the church" though as active as ever. Some such changes each year are inevitable but our opinion is that these members constitute an active and loyal element in the congregation whose understanding responsiveness is our richest heritage. We have called upon them before and find a unique sense of security in knowing that we can call upon them at any time.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SERVICE OF
The Church Monthly

Books by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick are listed below. Any book will be sent postpaid by THE CHURCH MONTHLY on the receipt of the list price.

The Second Mile	$0.75	Twelve Tests of Character	$1.50
The Manhood of the Master	1.35	Christianity and Progress	1.00
The Assurance of Immortality	1.00	The Modern Use of the Bible	1.00
The Meaning of Prayer	1.35	Adventurous Religion	1.00
The Meaning of Faith	1.35	As I See Religion	1.80
The Meaning of Service	1.35	The Hope of the World	1.50
Pilgrimage to Palestine	1.00	The Secret of Victorious Living	1.50

Some of Dr. Fosdick's sermons are published in pamphlet form for wider distribution than is possible through THE CHURCH MONTHLY. Most of the sermons have appeared previously in the magazine; a few not having been printed elsewhere. The price of the pamphlets is ten cents each. They will be mailed postpaid in quantities of five or more, or you may order any twenty sermons for $1.50.

Our Moral Muddle	Superficial Optimists, the Peril of a Serious Time
Handicapped Lives	Through the Social Gospel Into Personal Religion
Be Still and Know	A Fundamentalist Sermon by a Modernist Preacher
Moral Independence	Christianity's Stake in the Social Situation
The Mystery of Life	Service of Religious Faith to Mental Health
The Unknown Soldier	A Little Morality is a Dangerous Thing
Overcoming the World	The Ethical Foundations of Prosperity
The Conquest of Fear	Christ and the Inferiority Complex
The Ghost of a Chance	What Is the Matter With Preaching?
Pull Yourself Together	Six Ways to Tell Right From Wrong
The Personality of Jesus	No Man Need Stay the Way He Is
The High Uses of Trouble	The Power of a Great Tradition
What Are You Standing For?	Making the Best of a Bad Mess
The High Uses of Serenity	An Interpretation of Pacifism
How Much Do We Want Peace?	The Soul's Invincible Surmise
The Practical Use of Faith	When Life Goes All to Pieces
What Do You Say to Yourself?	Christianity's Supreme Rival
Christianity More Than Duty	Handling Life's Second Bests

The Handbook of The Riverside Church tells of the background and program of the church, and the symbolism and architecture of the building. It is a book of 127 pages and 59 illustrations. It sells for 50 cents plus 15 cents if you ask to have it mailed.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE CHURCH MONTHLY,
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Dears Sirs:

Please send me the books checked above, for which I am enclosing $_____.

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